Chapter 479: The Return of the Rivalry

The Eternal Battlefields' Realms echoed with the deafening sounds of endless conflict. Roaring flames clashed against icy gales, venomous swarms filled the skies, and titanic figures tore through one another without relent. The former monarchs, resurrected by Sung Jin-Woo, fought without pause, their hatred fueling their endless battles against the forces of light.

Above the battlefield, atop a floating citadel of golden light, the seven Rulers observed the chaos below. Vorathis, the Brightest Fragment of Brilliant Light, stood at the forefront, his radiant form shimmering like a living star. Beside him were Elyndra, Xalithar, Ilithar, Zepharion, Tessara, and Lyrion—the seven fragments who had once led the charge against the monarchs during the war of old.

Their celestial eyes burned with a longing for justice—and vengeance.

"To see those accursed monarchs walking this realm once more," Xalithar muttered, gripping his gleaming sword tightly, "is an affront to all that is divine."

Elyndra, the Radiant Arbiter, nodded solemnly. "We swore an oath to stand against them, even if it meant our destruction."

Vorathis raised a hand, silencing his comrades. "Destruction is no longer a concern here," he reminded them. "This is a realm where death holds no meaning. Sung Jin-Woo has granted us the chance to fulfill our purpose without fear of loss. We will fight them until eternity itself grows weary."

The other Rulers nodded, their resolve solidifying.

Seeking an audience with Sung Jin-Woo, the Rulers knelt before the throne of the Dominion Citadel, where the True Absolute One observed the vastness of creation. His colossal presence radiated unmatched divinity, though his form was now contained to only a mountain-sized vessel.

"Rise," Sung Jin-Woo commanded, his voice resonating like a celestial hymn.

Vorathis spoke first. "We humbly request your permission to enter the Eternal Battlefields' Realms, Absolute One."

Sung Jin-Woo’s golden eyes gleamed with curiosity. "Why?"

"The monarchs," Vorathis declared, his voice unwavering, "were once our sworn enemies. Their resurrection reignites our purpose. We wish to wage war against them once more, to prove that the light shall always prevail."

A faint smile tugged at Sung Jin-Woo's lips. "Are you sure? You saw what my angels and dark angels did to them. They never won."

Vorathis’s radiant form pulsed with determination. "We do not seek victory alone, Absolute One. We seek to fulfill our eternal duty."

After a moment of contemplation, Sung Jin-Woo leaned forward, his aura rippling across the Godverse. "Very well," he said. "I will retract my angels and dark angels from the Eternal Battlefields' Realms. The war is now yours."

The Rulers bowed deeply, gratitude etched on their luminous faces.

As Sung Jin-Woo withdrew his celestial and abyssal forces, the balance of power within the Eternal Battlefields' Realms shifted. The seven former monarchs, sensing the departure of their angelic adversaries, roared with triumphant defiance.

"Looks like your precious angels abandoned you," Baran, the Monarch of White Flames, sneered as he summoned a blazing inferno.

Querehsha, the Monarch of Plagues, hissed with glee. "Perhaps the God of Shadows grew bored of watching us slaughter them."

But their triumph was short-lived.

A radiant fissure tore open the blood-red skies, and from it descended the seven Rulers, their forms blazing with divine brilliance. Vorathis led the charge, his light blinding even to the eyes of the former monarchs. Behind them marched an endless legion of heavenly soldiers—the very same forces who had fought alongside the Rulers in the ancient wars against chaos.

Vorathis’s voice boomed across the battlefield. "Baran! Rakan! Sillad! Tarnak! Legia! Querehsha! Yogumunt! Your reign of terror ends once more!"

The monarchs bristled at the challenge.

"You dare return to face us?" Legia, the Monarch of the Beginning, bellowed. "You who were once shattered by our might?"

Vorathis smirked. "We have no fear of death here, Monarch. And neither do you. Let this be a war without end."

With that declaration, the two ancient factions collided.

The Eternal Battlefields became a theater of divine and chaotic warfare. Baran unleashed torrents of white flames, scorching entire swathes of the battlefield, only for Vorathis to absorb the inferno into his radiant core and retaliate with blinding beams of light.

Rakan, the feral Monarch of Fangs, tore through ranks of heavenly soldiers with savage glee, but Zepharion, the Dawn’s Herald, met him with swift and precise strikes, forcing the beast back.

Sillad conjured icy maelstroms, freezing legions of soldiers in their tracks, but Tessara, the Starborn Exemplar, shattered the frozen wastelands with bursts of stellar energy.

The battle raged endlessly, neither side gaining a definitive advantage.

Despite the overwhelming strength of the monarchs and their chaotic armies, the Rulers and their heavenly soldiers fought with unyielding resolve.

From the Dominion Citadel, Sung Jin-Woo observed the unfolding conflict with quiet satisfaction.

"Back to the old rivalry, huh?" he mused. "Some things never change."

The Eternal Battlefields' Realms had become the perfect stage for these ancient enemies to settle their scores, free from the constraints of mortality.

As the war raged on, Sung Jin-Woo knew that neither side would ever fully triumph. And yet, that was precisely what made the conflict so fascinating—an endless dance between light and darkness, chaos and order, purpose and destruction.

And so, the Eternal Battlefields became a realm of perpetual war, where the seven Rulers and the seven monarchs clashed for all time, their eternal rivalry rekindled by the will of the True Absolute One.